

NARR: In a large richly furnished living room of a home in the wealthier section of Chicago sits Mark Trail. He is alone and a bit ill at ease in these unusual surroundings. He crosses his legs and sinks a bit lower in the comfortable chair in which he is sitting. Then he quickly uncrosses them and rises as a tall, grey haired woman enters the room. She is Mrs. Cornelia Dwight, an old friend of Mark's and a frequent and generous contributor to many conservation projects.

CORNELIA: How do you do, Mark. I'm so glad you could come.

MARK: It's a pleasure, Cornelia.

CORNELIA: I couldn't help noticing. You weren't too comfortable in this room.

MARK: I confess I am used to surroundings a bit more rugged.

CORNELIA: I know. Do sit down, Mark.

MARK: Thank you.

CORNELIA: Now. How to begin. I'm not accustomed to asking favors.

MARK: Well, don't hesitate, Cornelia. After all the generous things you've done for the various conservation projects I've come to you with, I'm grateful for the possibility that I may be helpful to you.

CORNELIA: Being generous with money isn't difficult.

MARK: Some people would disagree.

CORNELIA: Well not when you have as much as I have.

MARK: Mnn. . . .this problem of yours?

CORNELIA: It's a responsibility. A responsibility that I undertook, and I'm afraid can't fulfill. At least not at this stage.

MARK: Go on.

CORNELIA: I attended juvenile court several weeks ago.

MARK: Yes?

CORNELIA: A boy was brought in who struck my fancy.. I can't imagine why, since he was charged with breaking and entering a stationary store.

MARK: Uh..huh?

CORNELIA: Well, the long short of it is I prevailed upon the judge to place him on probation, in my care.

MARK: And it hasn't worked out?

CORNELIA: That's a great understatement, Mark.

MARK: And what do you want me to do, Cornelia.

CORNELIA: Well I've arranged to send the boy to a camp, Woneeca, up in Winsconsin.

MARK: Oh, I know the camp. It's run by Frank Dane, fine summer place for boys.

CORNELIA: I'm glad to have that confirmed.

MARK: But what do you want me to do?

CORNELIA: I'd like you to take him up there, and if you can, stay a week or two and watch him.

MARK: That doesn't sound very difficult.

CORNELIA: You haven't met Timothy yet.

MARK: When will I.

CORNELIA: I sent Steven my butler to his room he.....

TIM: (Way Off, Fading ON) (About Fourteen) Okay, okay. You said the old dame wants me so I'm comin, but stop shovin or I'll kick you in the.....Look, don't shove.

CORNELIA: That'll be all Steven.

TIM: Yeah, beat it, Lacy pants.

CORNELIA: Timothy.

TIM: What's on yer mind that you sent the poodle after me.

CORNELIA: Timothy, this is Mark Trail.

MARK: Hello.

CORNELIA: You might at least say hello, Timothy.

TIM: Hi. So he's Mark Trail. What do I do give three cheers?

CORNELIA: This is the man who's going to take you to that camp I was telling you about.

TIM: Oh, that dump in the woods. I ain't made up my mind if I'm goin, you know.

CORNELIA: I'm sure you will like Timothy.

MARK: Perhaps he wouldn't, Cornelia.

CORNELIA: Mark, I thought.....

MARK: After all it's a rough life, and he doesn't look like he can take it.

TIM: Who can't take it?

MARK: Don't get sore, Tim. After all there's lots of fellers who can't take camp life.

TIM: Look, I can take anything you or a hundred guys like you can take. I know my way around and all the angles.

MARK: Cornelia, maybe you better change your mind. If Tim doesn't want to.....

TIM: Look, guy don't crab the act. The old biddy wants to spend her dough sending me to this dump that her business. I want to take it, that's mine.

CORNELIA: Then you'll go, Timothy?

TIM: I'll take a whack at it, but I ain't guaranteeing that I'll stay.

MARK: Of course not, Tim. If it get's too tough for you, you can leave.

TIM: If I leave it ain't gonna be cause it's too tough, but because it's too tame.

MARK: Okay, Tim, you call it. But if we're going to go you'd better get your duds now.

TIM: Sure, be right back.

(PAUSE)

CORNELIA: Well, Mark. Do you think it's hopeless.

MARK: No, Cornelia. He's just a frightened kid, covering it up with that shell of toughness.

CORNELIA: I hope you're right, Mark.

MARK: Of course until that shell is broken there'll be quite a few headaches. But I think a good camp, life in the outdoors will at least put a crack in that shell.

CORNELIA: I hope it shatters it, Mark. I like the boy, I wouldn't want to fail in the responsibility I've undertaken.

MARK: I'll do my best to see that you don't, Cornelia. Now I'd better look to our train reservations. See if I can get them in an armored car to withstand the onslaughts of Tim.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

(TRAIN IN BG)

TIM: We'll be getting to this dump soon, huh?

MARK: A few minutes more, Tim.

TIM: Be glad. A guy could go nuts sittin in a train like this all the time.

MARK: You'll have plenty of space to run around.

TIM: Who wants to run? Look at all the trees and stuff, this place is really out in the sticks, huh?

MARK: Pretty wild country.

TIM: No wilder than Chicago's south side, which reminds me I
been dying for a butt all day. You want one?

MARK: No thanks, Tim.

TIM: Ain't you gonna slough me?

MARK: Slough you?

TIM: Haul off and sock me.

MARK: What for?

TIM: I took a butt, I'm gonna smoke.

MARK: Well why should I "sock" you. They're your lungs, it's
your health.

TIM: Huh?

MARK: Skip it, Tim.

TIM: I don't get you. Don't you ever get sore?

MARK: Lot's of times, why?

TIM: I been ridin you this whole trip. You ain't ~~pasted~~ me once.
I figured you to blow your top a long time ago.

MARK: That's what I figured you figured.

TIM: So?

MARK: One thing you learn in nature lore, Tim. Never do what the
~~other~~ fellow figures you for.

TIM: I don't get it.

(TRAIN STARTS TO STOP)

MARK: You will. Here's where we get off Tim.

TIM: This place? There ain't nuttin here.

(TRAIN STOPS)

MARK: That's the idea of a camp, Tim. To be where there's
"nuttin". Come on.

(FOOTSTEPS)

(FOOTSTEPS ON TRAIN PLATFORM)

(FOOTSTEPS DOWN STEPS)

(TRAIN ENGINE IDLING IN BG)

TIM: I thought some one was going to meet us.

MARK: They'll be along.

TIM: What a dump. One shack and an old jaloppy.

(TRAIN STARTS UP AND OFF)

TIM: I'd have a heck of a time of gettinaway from here.

MARK: All you'd have to do is ask, Tim.

TIM: Don't get me wrong. I ain't callin quits yet.

MARK: Good. Look. There's another boy that got off the train.
Guess he's going to camp Woneeca too.

TIM: Catch the get up. Ain't he a sweet thing.

BOB: (FADING ON) Excuse me, sir.

MARK: Yes, son?

(BUCKBOARD & TEAM OF HORSES APPROACHING)

BOB: Are you by any chance going to Woneeca?

MARK: Yes, there should be some one along to meet us shortly.

TIM: Don't tell me this is the rig coming?

MARK: Where.....Yes it is. That's Frank Dane at the reins.

(UP) Hi you, Frank.

FRANK: (OFF, FADING ON) Good to see you, Mark.

(HORSES & BUCKBOARD ON AND STOP)

(FEET LEAP TO GROUND)

FRANK: Long time.

MARK: Certainly has been, Frank.

FRANK: This the boy?

MARK: No, I don't know.....

BOB: My names Bob Prager, sir.

FRANK: Oh, yes. Been expecting you. Throw your bag up in the buckboard and climb in.

MARK: This is the fellow who came with me. Tim Burgess.

FRANK: Hello, son, I.....

TIM: What kind of a crummy joint you runnin? Can't you afford a car, this creaky ice wagon the best you got.

FRANK: Eh?

MARK: All right, Tim. Up in the buckboard.

TIM: Okay, but I can tell you now this ain't gonna sit good with me.

(CLIMB IN BUCKBOARD)

FRANK: (LOW) Hey, Mark, what's the.....

MARK: Didn't Mrs. Dwight write you?

FRANK: She mentioned a problem, not a calamity. That little....

(CRACK OF WHIP)

MARK: What the.....!

TIM: (OFF) Go on. Step on it you goats!

(HORSES NEIGH)

(HOOFS BREAK INTO A RUN)

(CRACK OF WHIP)

FRANK: The little...!

MARK: Stop it, Tim!

FRANK: That's a high strung team, Mark. He'll never get them back in control. He'll kill himself and the boy with him!

MARK: Come on, Frank. We've got to stop them!

MUSIC: BRIDGE

NARR: Well, it looks like Mark has really got himself a headache. Just off the train, not even at camp and Tim Burgess is in a peck of trouble. Holding the reins on a team of runaway horses. What will happen? We'll learn in a moment when we return to Mark Trail, but first.....(COMMERCIAL)

NARR: Now back to Mark Trail. Mark, as a favor to Mrs. Cornelia Dwight, is taking a boy named Tim Burgess to the Summer Wonneca Camp. Tim, who is on probation to Mrs. Dwight from a juvenile court hasn't been giving Mark an easy time. As Mark is talking to Frank Dane the manager of the camp, Tim in the camp buckboard with another boy named Bob Prager, took a whip to the team of horses and raced away with them. As the buckboard goes careening crazily down the road, Mark and Frank shout orders to Tim.

(OFF BUCKBOARD AND RUNAWAY HORSES)

MARK: Tim!

FRANK: Stop them, boy! You'll never get them under control.

MARK: It's no use, Frank. That jalopy, who belongs to it.

FRANK: It's the station master's!

MARK: Get the key! WE'll chase them!

FRANK: It's usually in the car. Come on!

(RUNNING FOOTSTEPS)

MARK: Well?

FRANK: It's there.

MARK: Okay. You take the wheel. I'll hang on the running board.

FRANK: Right!

(CAR DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

(CAR STARTS)

MARK: Come up on them from the left, Frank.

FRANK: Will do!

MARK: They're going like the devils after them.

FRANK: They're high spirited animals, Usually used for riding.

MARK: There they are!

FRANK: See them!

MARK: Can you get some more speed out of this?

FRANK: I've got her down to the floor now. We're gaining on them!

(BUCKBOARD AND HORSES COME CLOSER)

MARK: They're veering to the right. You'll have plenty of room to come up on the left.

FRANK: I see, Mark.

MARK: Draw up to the head of the team. I'll jump then and you fall back.

FRANK: Check!

(BUCKBOARD AND HORSES ON FULL)

FRANK: That little devil looks scared now.

MARK: He'll never admit it. Swing in a little closer, Frank.

FRANK: That's about it, Mark.

MARK: Okay! I'm going to jump. Drop back as soon as I do.

(BUCKBOARD AND HORSES ON FULL)

(CAR MOTOR ON FULL)

MARK: Here goes! Frank!

(HORSES SNORT AND REAR)

(MARK'S FEET DRAG IN THE ROAD)

(CAR MOTOR FALLS BACK)

MARK: Easy, boys. Steady boys!

(HORSES HOOFS SLOW DOWN)

(HORSES SNORT, STOP, HOOFS JUST PAWING)

MARK: That's the way. That's it!

(HORSES BREATHING HEAVY)

MARK: Okay, boys. Climb down.

BOB: Yes, sir. Some excitement, huh?

MARK: A little, You all right, Prager.

BOB: Bob, sir. And I'm swell,

MARK: Tim, I.....what have you got your fists cocked for?

TIM: You sock me and I'll give you a good sock back.

MARK: Who said anything about socking you, Tim. You're the only one who's looking for trouble.

TIM: But, I.....you mean you're not going to slough me.

MARK: No, you see.....

(CAR FADES ON AND STOPS)

FRANK: That was beautiful going, Mark. Lucky thing you stopped them before they hit that turn up ahead.

MARK: Well, it's all over.....

TIM: It wasn't so much. Anyone could have done it!

BOB: For crying out.....! I suppose you could.

TIM: If I wanted to.

FRANK: Now look here, son.....

MARK: Wait a minute, Frank. You know all about horses Tim.

TIM: Enough.

MARK: Can you ride one?

TIM: Could if I wanted to.

MARK: Do you want to, or are you afraid to?

TIM: I ain't afraid of nothin'!

MARK: Well in that case jump in the back of one of the horses. You can ride him while we three sit in the buckboard.

TIM: Huh?

MARK: Scared?

TIM: You bet I ain't!

MARK: In that case I'll give you a boost up on his back.

TIM: Huh?

MARK: Come on.

TIM: Sure. I ain't ascared.

MARK: There!

(HORSE WHINNEY'S A BIT)

MARK: Okay!

Tim; (OFF) Ready to start anytime you are.

FRANK: Mark, it's over six miles to the camp on rough roads.
That's why I use the buckboards.

MARK: I know Frank.

FRANK: Look at the way the boy sits. He's never been on a
horse before.

MARK: That's the idea, we'll let the horse and Tim's stubbornness
do the punishing. You take the car back to the station.
I'll follow in the buckboard and then we'll go back to
the camp.

FRANK: Okay.

(CAR STARTS UP)

(MARK CLIMBS IN BUCKBOARD)

MARK: All set, Bob?

BOB: Yes, Mr. Trail.

MARK: (UP) Ready, Tim?

TIM: (OFF) Any time!

MARK: All right. Gee yup.

(HORSES HOOFS)

(HOLD)

BOB: Gosh, Mr. Trail, look at the way he's bouncing all over
that horse. He won't be able to sit down for a week.

MARK: Well, a day at least. Who knows, this may be the beginning of Tim's education. At least it will give him a good seat of learning.

MUSIC: STINGS

TIM: (GROANS) Ooo.

BOB: What's the matter, Tim.

TIM: Tink you're funny, hah.

BOB: I just thought you might want this chair. It's the softest one in the cabin. Wood, but soft wood, Pine.

TIM: Heh, heh, heh....a regular Milton Berle. I would get you to bunk wit.

BOB: Try the beds why don't you. At least they've got mattresses. That's it. Sit down nice and easy, Tim.

TIM: I....ooo. ah.....O....

BOB: (LAUGHS)

TIM: Tink it's cute, hah. Make a jerk out of me, will they. I'll show them.

BOB: The way I see it, you made a jerk out of yourself.

TIM: Who ast you. Ohhh....that's better.

BOB: Better not sit on that bed too long. You'll never be able to get up.

TIM: I'll get up....and when I do, I'll fix that Trail guy and that goon who runs this place.

BOB: Oh, you will.

TIM: You bet I will. Nobody makes a dope out of Timmy boy and get's away with it.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

(COUNTRY NIGHT NOISES)

(SOFT FOOTSTEPS ON UNDERBRUSH)

(DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES SOFTLY)

(OFF SOUND OF BOB SNORING)

(SOFT FOOTSTEPS ON FLOOR)

BOB: (SNORTS) Eh? What?

TIM: Sheddup. Go back to sleep.

BOB: Who...What..

TIM: It's just me Tim. Go on Dreamland again.

BOB: Oh, Tim. Late huh.

TIM: Yeah. Go to sleep.

BOB: Uh...yuh....ah. (HEAVY BREATHING)

TIM: Make a jerk out of me, huh. Well wait'll they take out that buckboard a couple of times. They'll see.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

(KIDS SPLASHING IN WATER OFF MIKE)

MARK: Aren't you going in for a swim, Tim?

TIM: When I feel like it.

MARK: Oh, want to finish that cigarete first, eh?

TIM: So what if I do.

MARK: Nothing. The other guy's are in the water enjoying themselves.

TIM: Wait'll I get in. I'll show them some swimming.

BOB: (FADING ON) Hello, Mr. Trail. Aren't you going in, Tim.
Or maybe you can't swim.

TIM: You kidding. I'll beat you any day in the week and twice on Sunday's.

BOB: Okay, I'll race you across to that big oak tree.

TIM: You got a deal. Wait'll I ditch this butt.

MARK: I'll hold it for you, Tim.

TIM: Okay. Let's go.

(RUNNING FOOTSTEPS ON GROUND)

(BIG SPLASH OFF MIKE)

MUSIC: STING

(TWO BOYS SWIMMING)

(ONE BOY WALKING OUT OF WATER)

(SPLASHING OFF MIKE)

BOB: (UP) Hey, Tim. Why don't you get an outboard motor
you'll need it.

MARK: Nice going, Bob.

BOB: He's not a very good swimmer, Mr. Trail.

MARK: We know it. The trick is to get him to admit it.

BOB: I'm going over to the driving board. Tell him I'll
meet him there if he wants another race.

(FOOTSTEPS WALK OFF)

(SPLASHING FADES ON)

(FOOTSTEPS FADE ON SPLASHING THROUGH WATER)

TIM: (BREATHING VERY HEAVILY AND SHORTLY) Wise guy.

MARK: He beat you.

TIM: That's just.....' cause....I'm out.....of....condition.

MARK: Oh, I see.

TIM: I'll.....beat....him the.....next time.

MARK: Sure. Oh I forgot. Your cigarette.

TIM: Huh.....oh.....eh.....junk it.....maybe I.....
maybe I.....been smoking.....too much.

MARK: Good idea, Tim. Maybe you have. Now get dressed and we'll
see what's on the schedule this afternoon.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

(FOOTSTEPS CLIMBING THROUGH UNDERBRUSH)

TIM: Gosh.....how much higher does this hill go.

MARK: Mountain. And it's not much further to the top.

TIM: We benn going up for the last hour.

MARK: Want to quit, Tim?

TIM: I never quit. Keep going.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

(FOOTSTEPS CLIMBING)

MARK: Just a little way more, Tim.

TIM: I'm with you. Gosh, it's hard to breathe up here.....
I've really been smoking too much.

MARK: That's part of it, Tim. But the air's thinner up here.
You need to take more into your lungs.

TIM: Oh.

MARK: Give me your hand, Tim. This is the top.

TIM: So finally we reach the top and then we go down..... I
don't get the percentage in this hiking, it's nuts to.....
(STOPS) Geez.

MARK: Quite a view, eh Tim.

TIM: I never seen so much of the world in one piece before.

MARK: This is one of the rewards for hiking, Tim. Impressive
isn't it.

TIM: Gosh, I.....(PAUSE) Ah, it's just a lotta trees and dirt.
Come on. Let's get down from here.

MARK: Whatever you say, Tim. Down we go.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

(FOOTSTEPS ON GROUND)

MARK: Tim.

TIM: (FADING ON) Well, what's on the menu today.

MARK: We're going bird hunting, Tim. Want to come along.

TIM: Bird hunting. That's with guns. Sure.

MARK: No, Tim. No guns.

TIM: Don't tell me you use bow and arrows?

MARK: No, Tim. This.

TIM: A book!

MARK: That's right.

TIM: What do you do? Throw it at them?

MARK: Not quite. You see Tim, this is a book put out by the Audubon Society.

TIM: The which?

MARK: It's got pictures of every bird in North America in it. The idea is that we go around and see how many birds we can spot. Then we check off the ones we see in the book.

TIM: What a way to go hunting.

MARK: Maybe you'll like it. Want to try it?

TIM: Nuttin else to do around this dump. May as well give it a whack. Huntin birds with a book!

MUSIC: BRIDGE

(SOFT FOOTSTEPS THROUGH UNDERBRUSH)

MARK: Easy, Tim.

TIM: What's the matter?

MARK: That meadow ahead. Good nesting ground for quail, partridge, bob whites. Don't want to startle them.

TIM: Fer....

MARK: Shhh.

(FOOTSTEPS)

(OFF BOB WHITE WHISTLE)

TIM: What....

MARK: Bob white. Quite!

(RUSTLE OF GRASS)

(SUDDEN FLURRY OF WINGS)

TIM: A bird! I'll get him!

(SHRILL SCREAM OF A BIRD OFF)

(BIRDS BODY FALLS TO GROUND)

TIM: Got him! Hit him with a rock in the air.

MARK: Yes, you got him, Tim.

TIM: What's the matter? It's just a bird.

MARK: That's right. Let's go over and see.

(FOOTSTEPS)

TIM: Where.....ah.....here it is. Look. Boy what a lucky throw. Right in the neck.

MARK: Lucky.

TIM: What's a matter. What are you looking at me for. Don't nobody ever kill birds.

MARK: Not just for the pleasure of killing.

TIM: Ah, can it. What's another bird more less.

MARK: I'll show you. Step gently on the ground, and listen.

TIM: Huh?

MARK: Listen.

(SOFT FOOTSTEPS)

(FADE ON CHIRPING OF SMALL BIRDS)

TIM: What.....

MARK: Look. There. In that clump of grass.

TIM: Where, I.....birds. Little ones.

MARK: One....two.....five of them Bob White chicks.

TIM: Gosh.

MARK: The bird you hit, the mother hen. She heard us coming. So she ran away from the nest and took to the air, where you hit her. She wanted to keep us away from these

MARK: (CONTINUED) chicks. Her way of protecting them.

TIM: I didn't know. Cheez, they're little things, ain't they.

MARK: Yeah//

TIM: What'll happen to them without the old lady?

MARK: They'll have to shift for themselves.

TIM: Them things. They'll be eaten in no time.

MARK: You killed their mother.

TIM: I didn't know.....gosh...how was I to....Look ain't there nothin we can do.

MARK: They're awfully small. They can't even get their own food.

TIM: What do they eat?

MARK: Insects, gurbs, small worms. They'll probably starve before they're killed.

TIM: So tiny. Gosh, Mr. Trail, couldn't we take them back to camp?

MARK: Some one would have to care for them.

TIM: I could.....after all I.....gee.....they're so helpless.

MARK: Okay, Tim.. If you'll care for them, I guess we can take them back. Lift them up gently we'll put one in each pocket and carry them back nice and easy.

TIM: Yeah, sure....Mr. Trail. Come on babies.....

(BIRDS CHIRP)

TIM: Don't worry. You're going to be all right.

MUSIC: BRIDGE AND UNDER

TIM: Hey, bob. I'll make you a deal. I'll clean up the cabin every morning for a week. You pay me off with twenty flies a day.

MUSIC: UP AND DOWN

TIM: Hey, Mr. Dane. Where do the guys dig for worms around here?? Naw, I don't want them for fishing, I want 'em for feeding.

MUSIC: UP AND DOWN

TIM: Fatso, we got ice cream for desert today. You love the stuff. I'll give you my share for fifteen flies.

MUSIC: UP AND DOWN

TIM: Mr. Dane, these old rags. Kin I have them?? The birds get cold some time. Thanks.

MUSIC: UP AND OUT

(DOOR SLAMS SHUT)

FRANK: Eh? Oh hello, Mark.

MARK: Hi you, Frank.

FRANK: Where's your protege?

MARK: Probably out digging worms somewhere.

FRANK: I've never seen such a change come over a kid. A regular little mother.

MARK: I guess the helplessness of the birds appealed to him.

FRANK: His own story in duplicate, eh.

MARK: Could be. He's certainly making sure they weren't kicked around the way he was.

FRANK: And how.

MARK: What did you want me for, Frank?

FRANK: Almost forgot. The Station called. Got a wire that Mrs. Dwight is on her way.

MARK: Cornelia?

okay

FRANK: She's due in about two hours. I thought you might want to take the buckboard and go down and meet her.

MARK: Not afraid to be left alone in camp with the calamity I brought with me.

FRANK: Tim, the only thing he'll have me doing is chasing flies for those birds of his.

MARK: Probably. Well I'll hitch up the team and go in. Cornelia will be proud to see her juvenile delinquent.

FRANK: Mind picking up some supplies, Mark. We haven't had the buckboard out and down since I got you from the station.

MARK: Sure thing. You make up a list while I'm hitching the team. I'll be back for it right away.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

(CHIRPING OF BIRDS)

TIM: There you are. Gosh, ain't yuh had enough yet. You must have holes in the bottom of those bellies.

(FOOTSTEPS)FADE ON)

BOB: (FADING ON) Hey, Tim....

TIM: Shh....yuh really want to scare them to death.

BOB: Boy, you really fuss over those birds.

TIM: You got flies?

BOB: No, I just come down to give you a message from Mr. Dane. He says to tell you Mrs. Dwight is coming here to-day.

TIM: The old girl.

BOB: Who is she?

TIM: She's to me like I'm to these.....well....hey...how's she coming out?

BOB: Mr. Trail's going down to get her. He took the buck board and.....

TIM: The buckboard! Holy gosh. Has he gone yet?

BOB: About an hour ago. Why?

TIM: We WEgot to warn him.

BOB: Warn him?

TIM: What a rat I am.

BOB: What are you talking about?

TIM: That first night I was here.....you remember I said I'd get even for that ride.

BOB: Yes?

TIM: Well I went out, I burried three razor blades in that collar that goes around the horses neck. I figgered when they took the horse out again, the blades would work through, cut the horses neck and he'd runaway.

BOB: They will, Tim.

TIM: Come on, Bob. We got to run....and hope we get to them before those horses runaway and smash up the buckboard with Trail and Mrs. Dwight in it.

MUSIC:: TO COMMERCIAL

NARR: Somewhere between the camp and the station Mark and Mrs. Dwight are jogging along peacefully in the buckboard unaware that at anymoment their team of horses may break into a pain-franized run-away. Will Tim and Bob reach them before it happens. We'll learn in a moment when we return to Mark Trail, but first.....(COMMERCIAL)

NARR: Now back to Mark Trail. In the forest above the road that leads to Camp Woneeca, Tim and Bob are running as fast as they can. They are trying to reach Mark Trail before the team of horses he is driving back to camp breaks loose and runs away.

(RUNNING FOOTSTEPS THROUGH BRUSH)

TIM: See 'em yet, Bob.

BOB: No. Save your breath.

TIM: Got plenty. Ain't smoked since I been here.

BOB: Maybe but save it.

(FOOTSTEPS)

BOB: Look....there.....below us.....Turn off the road.

TIM: It's them. Horses are still trotting.

BOB: Good. Luck so far.

TIM: Come on. We'll cut down.....across.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

(BUCKBOARD & HORSES)

CORNELIA: That's wonderful, Mark. He's really changed.

MARK: Not changed, Cornelia. Just developed. He always was a good kid. Just needed something to bring out the love that was in him.

CORNELIA: Son he's mothering a brood of Chicks.

MARK: Quite a sight. Wait'll you hear him crooning to them in that tenement accent of his.

CORNELIA: It must be something.

MARK: You've done a fine thing. Taking an interest in this boy, Cornelia. He'll.....

(HORSE SNORTS)

MARK: Steady, Feller.

(HORSES WHINNEYS & NEIGHS)

MARK: Easy, boy.

CORNELIA: What's the matter, Mark?

MARK: I don't.....

(HORSE GIVES A LOUD NEIGH)

(HOOFS BREAK INTO A RUN)

MARK: Hang on!

CORNELIA: Mark!

MARK: Whoa, boy, Whoa!

(HOOFS CONTINUE)

MARK: Come on boy, Easy.

CORNELIA: Mark, look up ahead the road!

MARK: Tim, Get out of the way, Tim. Whoa, boy.

CORNELIA: Mark, he's standing there. He's going to try and stop the horse's.

MARK: No, Tim! Don't ! Get out of the way!

(HORSE SNORTS, WHINNEYS, REARS)

MARK: Let go, Tim. Let go!

CORNELIA: The horse is kicking, Mark, Tim will be.....

MARK: The buckboard, watch out. It's going over.

(CRASH OF BUCKBOARD)

MUSIC: STING

(HORSES HOOFS MILLING AROUND)

CORNELIA: How is he, Mark?

MARK: Nothing broken. I think he's all right. Just knocked out.

BOB: Boy he's sure got nerve.

CORNELIA: It's the bravest thing I.....

MARK: He's coming around.

TIM: Where...Oh...what.....Mr. Trail!

MARK: Easy, Tim.

TIM: Mrs. Dwight, is she.....

MARK: Everyone's all right, Tim. Just take it easy.

CORNELIA: Tim, that's the most courageous thing I've ever seen anyone do.

BOB: I'll say. I never would have nerve enough to grab that horse the way you did.

CORNELIA: I'm proud of you, Tim.

MARK: That goes double.

TIM: Didn't you tell them, bob?

BOB: Sure, I told them you're the best guy in this camp.

TIM: No, no I mean.....

MARK: What is it, Tim.

TIM: You're going to think I'm a louse.....and I am.

CORNELIA: You? Tim don't be.....

TIM: No. Let me say it. It's my fault them horses run away.

MARK: Your fault.

TIM: Yeah. That first night I came here. I rigged up some razor blades in that horse's collar, so they'd run away. I guess I'm just no good. I.....aw what's the use. Take me back to that judge....that's where I belong.... in the can.

CORNELIA: You, Timmy. No.

TIM: Huh?

MARK: Not after what you've told us...

TIM: But.....

MARK: That took a lot more courage than even stopping the horse, Tim. Any guy that can admit when he's done wrong, the way you just have. In my book is

MARK: (CONTINUED) a one hundred percent right guy. Shake, Timmy.

MUSIC: BRIDGE